The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. XXIV.

CONTENTS.

Editorial, *Blanche B. Baker*, '92, ... 305
My Babes, *Alice A. Stevens*. 306
A Plea for a Literary Magazine, *Nancy K. Foster* 307
College Notes, *Frances Lucas*, '93, *Helen R. Stahr*, '94, *Ethel Stanwood*, '94, 308
Exchanges, *Agnes Sinclair Holbrook*, '92, ... 309
Appreciation. 311
Auld Acquaintance, *Annie Sybil Montague* '79. 311
Waban Ripples, *Caroline N. Newman*, '93, ... 312

MARCH 19, 1892.

GRAPHIC PRINT, NEWTON, MASS.

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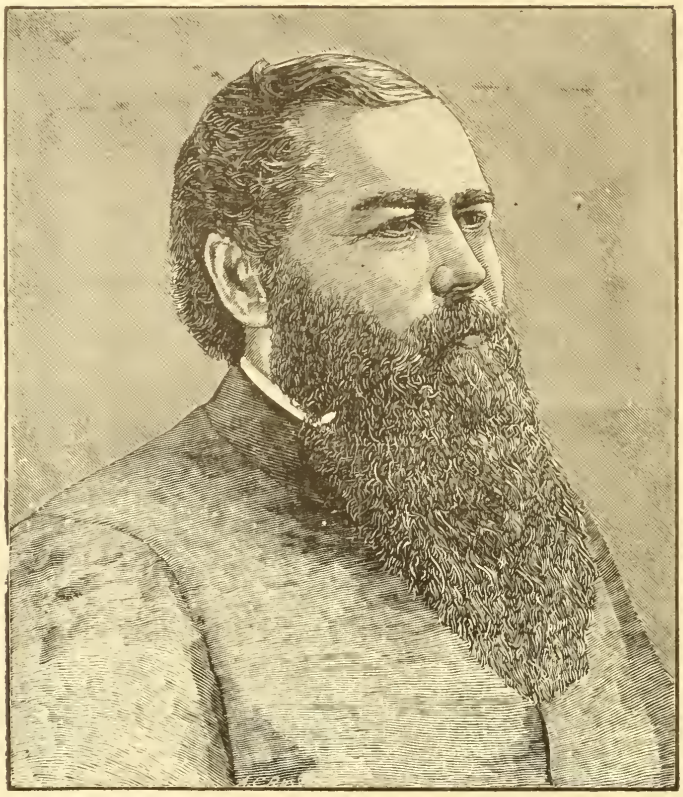

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., MARCH 19, 1892. No. 24

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price $2.00 a year. Weekly copies 5 cents. Monthly copies 15 cents.

EDITORS:

BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.

JANET E. DAVIDSON, '92. AGNES S. HOLBROOK, '92.
HELEN G. EAGER, '93. CAROLINE N. NEWMAN, '93.
HELEN R. STAHR, '94. FRANCES LUCAS, '9 .
ETHEL STANWOOD, '94. ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, '79.

MISS CAROLINE MUEGETT, Sp.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all business communications shou'd be sent *in all cases*, to Helen Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley Mass.

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Post Office, Newton, Mass

EDITORIALS.

The Freshman class is doing exceptionally fine work this year in the gymnasium, and more than one upper class girl has found herself envying her younger sisters the better facilities given to them. One of the chief advantages over the system of work in past years is the the fact that it is done in the daytime with the invigorating sunshine and breezes as allies. The students are thus fresh for the work, and they devote to it their best energies and heartiest enthusiasm. The new apparatus is in contant use and the results have been so encouraging that one wishes it were possible for all the students to have time to make systematic use of it. In that case the general condition of health in the College would be much better. Wellesley was the first college for women in the country to equip a gymnasium. But the enthusiasm in this direction which she felt ten years ago soon died away, and, while her sister colleges made rapid advancement in their systems of physical training, Wellesley remained far behind. The step which was made this year in furnishing the gymnasium with the apparatus for the Swedish system of physical culture, is a promising one, and the work done with this slight improvement in facilities is so encouraging that one could predict most satisfactory results should Wellesley obtain her long-wished-for gymnasium. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when this may become a reality, and when Wellesley can compete in facilities for athletic training with Smith and Vassar.

The senior class is making a collection of Wellesley songs to be printed with the music in their publication. A large number of songs have been written by the students in past years, and, although some have disappeared through the lack of any adequate methods for preserving them, such as remain will now be rescued from oblivion and given permanent form. The collection will contain also several new and original songs written for publication. Wellesley has her Glee Club, it is surely time that she should have a song book exclusively her own. The proposed collection cannot fail to meet the appreciation and approval of all Wellesley friends.

Students who intend to compete either with Story or Poem for the prizes offered by the

PRELUDE are reminded that all contributions must be handed in before April 12. The contributions should be unsigned but accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name of the author.

This will be the last issue of the PRELUDE before next term. The next issue will appear April 9th. The PRELUDE extends to all the College heartiest wishes for a pleasant vacation.

MY BABES.

"THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE LONG, LONG THOUGHTS."

"Babes" I call them all, though some are dangerously near the age I owned, three years ago; but "babes" in particular, the nine tots who sit before me on a long bench, once a week, and listen to old tales, with bated breath; tales of Troy and fair-haired Helen, of Proserphine, and rosy-fingered Dawn, of Robin Hood, and the "skeely skipper." All these they reproduce, with infinite struggles over capitals and quotation marks, and with a simplicity of expression that is sometimes very effective. They are clean, well-bred children, coming from cultivated and some even from luxurious homes. But these disadvantages are not their fault, and although the slums of New York might present a more picturesque field for labor, a six months' experience induces me to believe that in the offspring of our so-called upper tenth will be found sufficieney of vices and virtues to interest the most indifferent.

At the age of ten my own supreme ambition was to ride a black horse, bare-back; recollections of this pictured bliss suggested to my mind a new subject for the Saturday essay, and small faces looked very blank as I announced the topic. "What I want to be and to do when I grow up."

I did not expect them to be strictly truthful, for children have a sensitive love for their own ideas, and cannot bear to see them roughly handled. Perhaps my babes were conscious of the tender feelings I still retain for the bare-back rider, and divined a like regard for their own pet dreams. Perhaps the coming spring-time thrilled their hearts, though with the children it is always spring. Perhaps they found invention difficult,—the most likely surmise. But, in any case, I think they told the truth, and many a suggestion it contains for us older, if not wiser, dreamers.

O Wellesley senior, counting with rueful face the acquisitions of your almost ended school and college days, what think you of this sweeping definition of a "well educated" lady? She must "talk on different subjects without hesitation, speak English, French and German well."—O Wellesley girls of *every* class, mark well the *English*—"sing, and play on the piano, paint and draw, and know how to use her needle. Every woman should know how to use her needle; the very idea of not being able to take a stitch for yourself or children (should you happen to have any) is in itself dreadful." So says Maud. And before the eyes of Maud's instructor dangle a long line of unmended stockings.

"A lady," says another, "is known by three things: by her manners, her dress, and above all by her table manners," and no perfection in all else can compensate for deficiency in these last. My thoughts revert to the hundred odd Freshmen who are making College Hall, perhaps, the pandemonium it was of yore. My to-be annex girl has learned at thirteen, what former Freshmen,—for I perchance, am ante diluvian in saying aught of this '95, that I have never seen—had failed to feel at twenty.

To be a lady includes much else, beside universal information and perfect manners; it means foreign travel, and Parisian music; it means cultured society and a rich establishment. One nervous, large-eyed mite wants to study at a "girls' college," and most of them have decided upon the number and names of their

children. Gussie wants to "marrie for love," and wiggling, squirming, wild-eyed Marian, in her usual unconsequential fashion wants to "marry a nice young man. I wont marry him because he is rich or because he is poor, but because I love him," and also to "live in a very nice house." Quiet, flaxen-haired Bessie, eldest of three small sisters, and the frequent guardian of many younger brothers, forms her wishes on practical experience and asserts them vigorously. "I don't want to be married, and have the bother of a lot of children to look after. I want to be a missionary and go to Idaho." The snap in Vivian's hazel eyes means more to me now I know she longs to "ride horseback beautifully," and "write two or three books before I settle in life," and the tiny, dignified Beatrice, from whose blonde face reserve seems never absent, has forever stamped herself upon my memory as desiring to live in Washington and own a "horse and buggie."

On one point they are all agreed, and in the light of the interest in social problems felt by the ascendant generation, this is deeply significant. Each babe, whatever her home and training, and they represent foreign culture and American business life, Southern caste feeling, and Northern democracy, wishes to be "good to the poor." Crude ideas they have of "goodness;" willing to give chapels, schools, money—every thing, but the indispensible factor self. Yet in their recognition of a great need and in their wish to satisfy that need lie the germs of infinite promise for the world's future. As little children they have reached the stage that political economists were struggling out of, a century ago. Another generation will find them in the thick of the battle. Ah, the panting, dreaming working mass of college girls presented many problems life alone can solve: but problems no less complex, and perhaps as far from answers, "my babes" suggest.

Alice A. Stevens, '91.

A PLEA FOR A LITERARY MAGAZINE.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 2, 1892.

Dear Prelude.—You ask that all who are interested in the college publication and the form that it should take next year, express an opinion.

One day two years ago, as I stood in the reading-room looking over the literary magazines of the other colleges, I wished that Wellesley published one, and with joy I heralded the appearance of the "Literary number," and as it comes to me each month, I read it with eagerness and pleasure, not only because it contains the best work of Wellesley girls, but for itself. I am interested in its criticisms, its stories and verse, and find them, if not all I would have them, entertaining and well worth reading.

To the individual student, inside and out of college, I think a literary magazine a good and essential thing. A college girl gains much by reading the best work done by her fellow-students: the contributor herself finds encouragement and impetus when she sees her thoughts in print in the college paper or magazine. It is of great value to a young writer to see her work *in print*: to see it in print in the college paper is both a pleasure and incentive.

It is well also for the faculty to know the best thoughts of the students: it is well for the college world at large to know them, and a Wellesley literary magazine affords the only medium.

Such would be the direct advantage of a literary magazine. A more permanent and indirect advantage would arise from the emphasis that a literary magazine would give to the literary spirit of the college.

In one of Mr. Hamilton Mabie's talks at Wellesley, he said in her praise, that she made the study of literature of as much importance and prominence as Greek and mathematics,—that literature held no secondary place.

With our large, valuable library; our exceptionally broad, thorough teaching in the literature department and our literary societies, there must of necessity spring up a strong literary life at Wellesley, and this life will demand expression. A literary magazine should exist, must exist as the natural exponent of this literary tendency: a literary magazine will foster its growth.

Whether Wellesley needs or can support both a literary magazine and a news issue, I cannot judge. But I must frankly confess that the news issue sometimes lies unopened on my table, while the literary number is always read and enjoyed.

Nancy K. Foster.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WEEKLY BULLETIN.

Monday, March 21.—Concert by Beethoven Society.

Tuesday, March 22.—Lecture by Dr. Moxom on "Heresies of the Early Church."

Thursday, March 24.—Term ends at 12.30 P. M.

Tuesday, April 5.—Spring term opens at 8.20 A. M.

Sunday, April 10.—Preaching by Rev. George E. Merrill of Newton, Mass.

The usual Lenten services held last Friday, March 11, in Elocution Hall, were conducted by the Reverend Mr. Gray.

Dr. T. T. Munger of New Haven, Connecticut, preached in the Chapel last Sunday morning. His text is found in Titus 2: 11, 12. "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." Dr. Munger said it was a most pathetic thing, that though living is the business of life, so few realize its true meaning: but Paul here gives us three words, which may be made a basis for our living:—*Soberly*, which being more fully interpreted means sanely, intelligently and earnestly: *Righteously*, fulfilling our duty to our fellow-men: and *Godly*, learning to know the meaning of communion with the Father.

After the usual vespers last Sunday evening, the girls were asked to remain for a song service. Mrs. Stovall had kindly arranged for this and was assisted by some members of the Glee Club. Many of our most beautiful hymns were sung, and Mrs. Stovall gave several suggestions as to ways and methods. It is to be hoped that this is not the last time that such a half hour will be spent; for it is not only delightful at the time, but will tend to bring about a vast improvement in our congregational singing.

The Brown Glee, Banjo and Mandolin Clubs gave a concert in the Town Hall, last Saturday evening to a large and enthusiastic audience. All the clubs showed remarkably fine training, and their selections were rendered with delightful brightness and precision. We hope that the good feelings between Wellesley and Brown, evinced in the hearty cheers given on that evening, may long continue, and that every winter may bring us another as delightful a concert.

A charming Ninety-five tea was given by Miss Chase and Miss Hinchman in their room at the Art Building last Saturday afternoon.

Last Tuesday evening Prof. Lyon gave the last lecture of the course on "The Assyrian Monuments as connected with Biblical History."

In spite of the cold winds and the snow that still remains, there are many signs of Spring. The water is gradually breaking through the ice, the "pussy willows" have come, and the snow drops are little by little pushing through the sod on the south terrace.

Zeta Alpha held its regular meeting last Saturday evening.

Some of the Freeman girls indulged in a molasses candy pull last Saturday evening. It was a great success, and next Saturday the rest of Freeman expect to test their skill in the same direction.

Ninety-five continued her elections last week with undiminished ardor and has now completed the list of her officers. Miss Abbey Paige was elected chairman of the executive committee, Miss Louise Taylor, second member, Miss Lillian Brandt third member, Miss Alice Hunt first factotum, and Miss Lillian Jones, second factotum.

The Agora held its weekly informal meeting, last Saturday evening.

Miss Frances R. Pullen, '94, has returned to College.

Miss Flora Randolph, '92, has left College, on account of ill health.

Miss Rachael Hartwell, '91, spent last Sunday at Stone Hall.

EXCHANGES.

The Vassar Miscellany gives us an account of the Michigan University, and some of the best valentines we have seen.

The Brown Magazine gives a picture of *Student Life at Brown*, and some remarks on the benefits of a discriminating use of translations.

The Yale Literary has an interesting account of *Cardinal Manning and the laboring classes*, and the Yale Lit. prize essay, on *The Melancholy Jaques*. *The Advantages of Oxford for the Harvard man* are exhaustively set forth in the leading article of *The Harvard Monthly*, *The Child in Literature*, and especially in William Blake, Wordsworth, De Quincey, Dickens and George Eliot, is called to mind in a few sympathetic words. Mr. Moody's exquisite poem affords as much pleasure as anything on the exchange table this week.

THE AMBER-WITCH.

I went across the twilight moor,
Through pine woods purply glimmering,
I heard, not half a league before,
The glad sea sing.

The glad, glad sea sang low to me,
And low I answered, stooping blind
Through brake and bough, till every tree
Lay dark behind.

From out the moon-soaked sleepy sands,
With vacant laughter, like a fool,
The sea had scooped with his two hands
A green, green pool.

All naked on a pale green stone,
Where circling water-snakes burned rich,
Sat waiting, eager-eyed and lone,
The amber-witch.

She drew my head upon her knee:
About my body everywhere
The bright snakes burned, and over me
Drooped her wild hair.

Her body swayed unto a tune,
Her lips were writhen as with pain,
Her eyes swam dim while she did croon
A dim, dim strain.

I stooped into the wood black-pined,
I startled at the moon-bright moor,
I heard, not half a league behind,
The mad sea roar.

The mad sea clamored hoarse on me,
And nought I answered, lest the moon
Should let her amber hair float free,
And stoop and croon.

William Vaughn Moody.

The Dartmouth Lit., in recording the growth of the college annual, the *Ægis*, furnishes many suggestions valuable to any board

of editors looking forward to the publication of such a book. An article on *Charles Egbert Craddock* discusses the society novel of the day. An appreciative notice of *The Wellesley Prelude* appears in the remarks on exchanges.

Princess Kaiuli, of Hawaii, expects to enter Wellesley next spring.— *Wesleyan Argus.*

A little Scotch girl, twenty years old, has carried off the honors of the entrance examination at the University of London, over one thousand six hundred male students.—*Ex.*

The Yale Literary Magazine was founded in 1836, by the Hon. William M. Evarts.—*Ex.*

UNDER THE SPELL.

Potter (writing)—How do you spell "dissipate?"

Porter (just recovering)—D-i-z-z-y-p-a-t-e.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Class in Analogy—Professor: "Mr. you may pass on to the next life."

Mr. A. "Not prepared, sir."—*Ex.*

VASSAR TO HARVARD.

Your gay Lampoon, all life and fun,
I place beside our Miscellany,
And envy you each joke and pun—
We're far too brainy!

We write on politics, finance—
Ruled strictly out the smallest jibe is—
And quote remarks of Locke's and Kant's,
We have no Ibis.

If once our Misc. a grind should print,
Ah, woe betide the poor transgressor!
While you can roast, without a stint,
Each sage professor.

We dull and serious are, by fate,
And leave to you the fun and folly,
Yet underneath our air sedate,
We're just as jolly!

SONNET.

When winter clothes the earth in glistening snow,
And icicles hang from the bare-boughed trees;
When chilly winds sweep swiftly on and blow
O'er lonesome fields and bleak, deserted leas:
Some long for distant climes where roses glow
In heated solitudes, and where the breeze
Flows softly from the bosom heaving slow
Of the blue ocean and the purpled seas.
Yet I remain, and on my hearth I light
My fire in the evening's twilight gloom,
And lo! I lose all sense to winter's storm:
For as I muse, my thought takes dreamy flight
To fields of summer steeped in the perfume
Of flowers fancy-swayed, of slender form.

—Harvard Advocate.

A RUMOR.

The profs have a method of marking, they say.
The youths whom they love, they label with A;
But the youth who can't frog or with proflet agree,
Don't stand quite so high: he gets about E.

—Ex.

A MESSAGE.

A little white dove fluttered close to my pane,
I caught it a moment in play,
And whispered a love-word again and again
To my true love, then bade it away.
A little white cloud slowly sailed o'er the moon,
Upon it I wished I might be,
For then, O my love, I would sail to thee soon
Who'rt dearer than all else to me.
A murmuring brook wound its way through a glen,
Then broke into tremulous song,
I whispered my secret that none else might ken,
And it eagerly bore it along.

—Mt. Holyoke.

THE OPAL'S HUE.

A sun-ray kissed a moon-beam,
'Twixt twilight and the morn—
And in that moment's meeting
The opal's hue was born.—Yale Lit.

SURE.

Teacher:—Johnnie, what do you think is the chief end of man?

Johnnie:—The end what's got the head on!

—*Ex.*

THE REASON.

Marie is keeping Lent,
And turns her to devotion.
In order to repent
Marie is keeping Lent—
(That is—her money's spent
And therefore this emotion.
Marie is keeping Lent
And turns her to devotion!)

—Yale Record.

SAP.

Poets, like the maple trees,
When the spring first moves,
Have on tap, a kind of sap
Boiling down improves.

—Oberlin Review.

CORRECT!

"How do we know that lions have whiskers?"
The teacher asked her scholars ten.
"Because," said little Tommy Bilkens,
"They're always '*bearded in their den.*'"

—Blue and White.

EQUIVOCAL.—Have you read Sir John Lubbock's "List of the Best Hundred Books"?" "Yep." "Every book on the list?" "Yep: every book—on the list."—*Life.*

"Why is there a bird on silver money, papa?"

"Merely a gentle reminder of how money flies, Willie."—*Yale Record.*

APPRECIATION.

A parallelopiped and a small truncated cone
Were one day in the class-room left standing quite alone.
The black-board beamed with figures that were more or less correct,
If the lines were somewhat crooked, why what else could you expect?

II.

Said the parallelopiped with a most benignant look,
"To be sure they do not draw me just as I am in the book,
But then those ardent Freshmen names of every part can call,
And my surface and my volume—they can calculate it all."

III.

Then the small truncated cone did dry a rising tear,
As she gazed upon a likeness that was truly somewhat drear,
And she sighed, "O yes, those Freshmen know at least my formulæ,
And if they're not artistic, what need it trouble me?"

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

We insert the following communication in this column, thinking it may be of interest to any readers of Auld Acquaintance who may be desirous of securing new positions for next year.

The following extract has been stolen from a "Round Robin." With the writer's permission, we would like to see the same appear in the PRELUDE. The letter was dated Dec. 14, 1891, and was written from Oakland, California, by Miss Anita Whitney, '89.

"Two of you say you mean to teach next year: we need so many girls like you out here, and there are plenty of places for you with good salaries attached. Mrs. May L. Cheney who is at the head of the Educational Bureau

in San Francisco, came to me in despair last week and said: "I have a splendid position for some college woman in a boarding school in Oakland. The work is in the sciences. The teacher will have her home in the school and a salary of six hundred a year. Do take the position or find me some one for it." I told her to write to Wellesley for an applicant. She assures me that she has any number of good positions as teachers for college men and women and no one out here to fill them. Yet the East is overrun with teachers, and our salaries are so much higher and California is not beyond the limits of civilization. When I go East, and I shall be at Wellesley for our class reunion, I am going on a mission to start Wellesley girls westward. If any of you want to put yourselves or any of your friends in connection with this bureau, address Mrs. May L. Cheney, 300 Post street, California."

The address of Mrs. Etta Parker Park, '90, is Stoneham, Mass.

Miss Anna Schwietering, '83-'86, is teaching in Miss Master's school, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

WABAN RIPPLES.

THE SPIRIT OF REPARTEE.

Jack. You can shut up, Jim!

Jim. I know I can: I wish you could.

AT THE STUDIO.

Miss Make-a-break. Prof. Hidjous, I wish you all success in your photograph.

Prof. Hidjous. Thank you: I am in need of good wishes.

Miss Make-a-break, (*politely*) Oh, no indeed! Not with such a good photographer.

THE PERSISTENCY OF CHILDHOOD.

Johnnie, Mamma, Is God better than I am?

Mamma. Of course, my dear.

Johnnie. But mamma, perhaps you don't know how good I am.

OBITER DICTA.

Miss E.—(*Scientific senior.*) Which is harder to read, "The Anabasis" or "The Iliad?"

Companion (of like nature.)—I don't know, I am sure.

Just then one of the Greek department comes up suddenly before them, apparently rising from the ground.

Miss E.—That's just my luck! I never can make an utter fool of myself without meeting Miss——!

And then she caught sight of a Bible teacher close by the board-walk adjusting her overshoe-

Editor's note.—The above may be extended, (or curtailed) *ad libitum.*

A certain senior complains that she wastes all her "parsimony" on candy.

TO——————

O maiden of the coal black eye,
(Tobogganing hath made it so,)
And cheek of color bright and high,
(A sign of frozen points of snow,)
Thy varied beauties I would praise,
(For varied is thy face deep hue,)
And live with thee through countless days,
(That poultices I might renew.)

First Sophomore, (on her way to Elocution Hall.) Good morning.

Second Sophomore. Wont you please say it from your diaphragm.

If Darwin had known
Some people we do,
He'd have held the reverse
Of his theory true.

PROFESSOR:—Does the syncategoramatic, nonconnotative term deal with the inductive syllogism disjunctive or is it referred to the quantification of the predicate?

FLUNKER (weakly):—Yes, sir.—*Yale Record.*

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